
Title: The Codex of Oblivion - Blood and Night -

Author: Vol 4.1 - The Cycle

==o`==-\-==o`==-
Until the ends of time.
Ost nagramee ramen.
Till night doth come.
Rieme let droh x'hum.
And sweet darkness
takes all.
==o`==-\-==o`==-

The book looks like
it has been carefully
maintained and
written.
Each new page begins
with a carefully
penned diagram and
historical reference
for the topic at hand.

<o>--+
Lo, ye who rest thine
eyes on these pages
know that the text ye
read here is not for
weary minds. I am
Sonukh Qar, third
prefect of the
province of Lathieme.
I now write these
words in an attempt
to banish the dreams
that have haunted me
for the last few
months.
My eldest son has
brought down a curse
upon us in an act of
sheer foolishness and
now, in order to be rid
of it, I must yield my
pen to the whims of
this of force that
reaches into my mind
at night.

the author is clearly
a magestic writer...
his penlines touch the

surface of the odd
paper in ways you
thought never
possible... yet you
cannot help but divine
from the curves a
sense of fear and
helplessness.

The text continues

+o.I am the restless
thought that comes
from Darkness.

+o.I am the cold hand
that reaches out in the
night.

+o.I am the dark
thought that dances in
the sound of pouring
blood.

N dr al dogh f
Ikar kroth
Blood is the universal
carrier of life..
all living beings
contain some manner
of it. Yet it doth not
flow in all things
alive.

The will of Oblivion
hath reached out and
brought with it a word
on the nature of life,
that all creatures of
the night might better
be prepared to destroy
life, wherever it
might be found.

That which is alive
depends on its blood to
live.. find it ... remove
it.. and it shall die.

Here, the penmanship
begins to quiver as its
author suddenly
understands where
the disucussion is
going...

Yet, ye need not use
any manner of weapon
to find this blood.
All that need be done
is the Twin Gr of
the Soul
Using any standard
complement of

available to thee,
create an Altar to
Oblivion...

Here the text goes into
details with diagrams
how one might by a
rite of dark magic
cause the blood of any
creature to simply
bleed unstopably from
the body.

A dark altar...

A prayer to the
night...

An artifact of power..

The final passage of
the text appears to be
a plea from it's author

As the pages begin
to dim in my sight and
it becomes abundantly
clear that I shall never
be able to destroy this
madness I have
penned to paper I
beseech thee,
whomever ye are to
bur.....

the last words are
scrawled out and
replaced with another
entirely different
writing... it seems to
describe some kind of
giving of thanks..

It appears the book has
existed in many
different planes as it
has gained a kind of
magical transparency
to it.
